LOVE'S TRUST.

If love be tender, truthful, pure,
If love be regal, loyal, sure,
By all the world of land and sea
Divided it could never be;
While south winds woo in soft replies
The north wind's wails to lullabys,
While summer's sun—when white doves fly
Across the cloud-fringed azure sky—
Caresses morn's self-tender flowers
Dew-beaded in the early hours,
If love be tender, truthful, pure—love will endure!

If love be steadfast, trusted, tried,
Grown watchful, true, it needs no guide;
It fears not Fate, nor wane, nor night,
It walks space self-crowned with light;
Through woe it gains sweet servitude,
Through weal it wins sweet solitude;
Though luckless years may sound their knell,
Through perfect chimes the marriage bell
Will swing this cadence to and fro,
Beside the thorns the roses blow,
If love be steadfast, trusted, tried—love will abide!

If love be fickle, wayward, bold,
And grasps its buds ere flowers unfold,
With empty hands it walks alone
When chill winds sigh and sob and moan;
Through tearful vigils, tired with pain
And cruel taunts of self-disdain,
Wan, worn and wasted, all unblest
Through fruitless hope that brought unrest,
Bearing the sign of a wounded trust
That trailed its faith in clay and dust,
If love be fickle, wayward, bold—love will grow cold!

A Reporter's Strange Position.

[New York Tribune.]

President Rutter, of the New York Central Railroad, is a spare, sparrowy sort of a man, with large eyes which lie outward as if they took in too much of the world to be satisfied in their cavities. Referring to the press and interviewing, he remarked to me recently, concerning a journal which is always saying that it "submits every interview," etc., etc., as follows: "I was coming home at a late hour not long ago with my wife, and had just descended from my carriage and got to the foot of my steps, when a man bounded up there in the darkness, and made me think he was an assassin. I was actually going to strike him with the butt end of my whip. Said he: 'I am the reporter of the——. I have been waiting here since dark. I did not want to come, but they sent me back three times. You can appreciate my position?' I did feel for him, sent upon such an errand, and so sincerely ashamed of doing it. So I said, 'You are not to blame. To relieve you of your embarrassment I will submit to the infliction. Come in!'"

WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE.

[Chambers' Journal.]

During the earlier years of my medico-military career I was selected as the Assistant Surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum, then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but, as I did not see it in that light, I went and interviewed the chief, who had thought so much more of me than I did of him.

"Sir," said I, "some men are born to honors, others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment, moral or medical, of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the asylum you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole."

"That is not of the sloightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will suit you to a t; and if so be that ye don't know anything consarning lunatics, whoy, the sooner ye larn, the better. Ye'll be plazed to jine without delay. Good morning." So he bowed me out, and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, "jined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings that "Use doth breed a habit in a man." Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid forever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a mad-house. With a pass-key which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the "keeper" or the orderlies; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name "Within an inch of my life."

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the Forty-fifth, or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden tools or other implements put in his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with rapid strides toward me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would have been fatal, so I faced him boldly and exclaimed: "Hello, Matthews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said: "Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving, if possible, to gain time, and trusting that an orderly might pass and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated. "I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment, to see my poor old mother and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. God knows that, so do you. But if I am kept much longer I shall be stark-staring mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now boiling over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground. "Matthews," I said. "I know that you are not mad, so listen a moment. How can I get you out? I am not the head doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now."

"No, you won't, indeed."

"Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of."

"That's no matter to me. I'll make you! See this!" He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight, such as the courtyard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defense. The rules prevented my taking into the interior of the asylum even a walking-stick, and man to man the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage-cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it, but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then, while, Damocles-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: "What if I try to dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out.

"Let me out, then!" he answered.

"Put down that stone, and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done."

"Doctor, I swear!" And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked round once again, really to spy if any official was in sight; but in such a sly, covert way as to make Matthews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

"Do you know the locality outside the barracks?"

"Yes. I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment."

"Well, the door" (pointing to one which was close to us) "leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Denes."

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

"Here, take this key." I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forget to what it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor.

"What then, sir?" he asked, in less excited tones.

"This. With my pass-key I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down, feel for the lock of the outer door, open it with this key and—escape."

"You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this: If I am brought back I'll murder you."

"Matthews! if you escape by the method I have pointed out no one shall know it."

"You are the soldier's friend?" he replied. "Let me shake hands with you, sir."

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his, but I quickly opened the door alluded to, and without the least shadow of suspicion he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very walls. He was inclosed in a bath-room.

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor; and as soon as I came to my senses I told them what had happened and steps were taken to have Matthews so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care also never again to perambulate the asylum without my orderly escort.

Leg Music and Heart Music.

[Philadelphia Times.]

One of the young men began playing on a violin, or rather "fiddling." Presently he struck up some jig—the "Arkansas" something. A German professor, involuntarily made one wild movement of his hand up through his gray hair and then settled himself stoically, with folded arms to bear the martyrdom. When it was finished, with the accompaniment of pedal bass on the floor, the old professor broke out, saying in a savage way:

"That music is scandalous; we don't have any music of that sort any more. That is music only for the feet; it doesn't go any further than the legs; but real music is a story, like a book, that you may read. It doesn't touch your feet; it touches your heart; it doesn't make your hands work like a saw; it brings the tears to your eyes."

There was a dead, painful silence as the young men saw that what they loved was only a lie and a counterfeit. And so is it with others in other things in life. They find pleasure where wisdom sees folly, and love things that have in them no truth.

Faro Players' Notions.

An experienced faro-player will in nine cases out of ten put a whole stack of chips on a deuce spot should two colored men enter the room abreast; but should a dog by any means gain entrance, he will immediately cease playing and wait for another deal. A cat—especially a black one—making its appearance during a deal is a signal for heavy betting, while a cross-eyed man would cause consternation and much profanity.

Self-Measurement.

[Lilian Whiting.]

The great trouble with people," said a brilliant woman recently, "is that they have no standard of self-measurement. Now, if I take a candle into a dark corner it illuminates that corner; but if I take it out into a dark night it is of little use; now, isn't it?" The very obvious point was conceded.

"Well, then," she resumed, "that is an illustration of the relative powers of many people. But everybody wants to be something he cannot. The candle would be a lamp, the lamp a gas jet, the gas jet an electric light and the electric light a sun. Consequently, we have people doing good things poorly, instead of doing suitable things well. It's all owing to having no self-measurement.

Rachel and the Small Boy.

[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

I met recently at an afternoon reception a French gentleman who related to me the particulars of how, when quite a small boy, he went to see the great Rachel act. He was a great friend of her brother's, and used sometimes to go to her house, when one day she said, patting his cheek, "Well, little fellow, would you not like to come and see me act some day?"

Of course the answer to this query was an eager affirmative, and that very evening he and his comrade found themselves installed in one of those boxes called by the French the loges infernales, namely, the boxes situated inside of the proscenium and the curtain, and literally upon the stage.

The play was "Phedre," and the child sat entranced and half bewildered while that wonderful panorama of passion was unfolded before him.

When the curtain fell on the last act, the prostrate Phedre did not rise, but four men, coming from behind the scenes, enveloped her in a large, soft blanket, and bore her quickly from the stage. The boy, in an ecstasy of excitement and terror, half inclined to believe the whole tragedy a reality, slipped hastily from his place and followed the men till they had laid their burden on a large sofa in Rachel's dressing-room.

When the great actress opened her eyes she found her child-admirer beside her, weeping and wringing his hands.

"O, Mademoiselle Rachel!" he sobbed, "do grant me just one favor."

"And what is that, my little man!"

"Never act again—it is too, too dreadful." Probably in all her brilliant career Rachel had never received a more genuine or appreciative token of admiration.

CONCEALED WEALTH.

The Curious Places Where Money Has Been Found When Hidden or Lost.

[New York Sun.]

"I have been sent for very often in my time," said an elderly detective, "to search for money concealed by eccentric people. There was more of this hiding away of cash forty years ago than there is now, owing probably to the doubtful character of some of the old savings banks.

"Some fifteen years ago I went up to a farm house in Orange County, at the request of the heirs, to look for money. The deceased had had no striking characteristics for my purpose, and, after trying several lines of search for three days, I grew doubtful.

"His riding saddle had been ripped open, his bootheels knocked off for diamonds, his shoes split up and his upholstery pulled to pieces. Bricks had been taken out, the hearth torn up, and the wainscotings pulled down. Even the backboards of picture frames had been taken out, and the boys had dug around the roots of every tree in the orchard, but still no money had been found. The reward was too large to be lost, but I was nearly at my wits' end.

"Finally the thought came like a flash: 'Where was the old gentleman in the habit of sitting?' I asked. 'Oh, he almost always sat by the window,' said the brother; 'but we've pulled everything to pieces around there.' 'Sit down just as he did.' The man sat down. 'In which direction was he most apt to look?' 'Nowhere in particular; out of the window generally.' 'Toward the barn!' No, this way.' I followed the look; it was in the line of an old, used-up pump. Which way did he walk when he went out to the field?' 'Over to the pump, and then made a bee line for the pond?'

"These answers had a certain significance. Men like to have the place of concealment in sight, and it is well known that they will often walk over money they have buried to see that the sod is undisturbed. I had the pump taken up and excavations made—no money. The pump was replaced. I entered the room once more and stood by the window. Suddenly I saw a plain but peculiar-looking mark on the sill; it was a surveyor's point. I 'lined' it up to the pump, measured out the exact center of the line, and the digging began. A two-inch steam pipe was struck at a depth of four feet. The end was plugged; I took home a $500 bill that night."

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question, 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, $32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building. The heirs were wild. I stopped all the tearing up and cushion-pricking business, for the man was not a 'concealer,' though it was supposed by the doctors that he had felt the attack coming and had put the money in some out-of-the-way place. Just how or in what spot in his library he had fallen, could not be made out.

"After a day's reflection my partner and I had to conclude that he had been robbed. Two courses were open to us: we could make sudden arrests without any real evidence, always a hateful course for a good detective to take, or we must find the exact spot where the man fell, and 'line' up from that. The doctors helped us here: 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so and found a long mark on the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sideways over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs apparent were in despair.

"We took all night to think the matter over. Then my partner said: 'How about the cellar? That's where the household metal is.' They all laughed. 'He hasn't been there in a year,' they said. We went down. My partner glanced quickly around, and then gave me a look that I can almost feel running through my nerves to this day. He had discovered some common household article which had not been used since the family had been searching the fireplaces. He was, in fact, looking over a lot of coal hods. 'There is our metalic edge,' he said. He turned the hods over carefully, and from out a mass of waste paper there rolled at last the $32,000 worth of bonds. The paralytic had fallen over the hod, and the money had dropped into it among his waste papers. Before the general search was made, all 'rubbish' had been taken to the cellar. Our friends had sought too deeply for what they had supposed to be concealed money, and had grossly neglected the science of the obvious. Some detectives do precisely the same thing. My partner and I divided $5,000 between us that night."

About Vaccination.

Edward Jenner the discoverer of vaccination was born in England in 1749. He was apprenticed to a doctor and afterwards came to London. After taking his diploma, he returned to his native place, and it was here that he practiced his profession, and also made that great discovery which has proved such an inestimable benefit to mankind. His life sped tranquilly on amidst the rustics he loved so well until the year 1823, when death somewhat suddenly terminated his earthly career.

As the village and neighborhood in which Jenner served his apprenticeship was mostly a grazing country, he was thrown much amongst farmers and their servants. At a time when smallpox was raging among them, his attention was attracted by hearing a milkmaid say that she had once caught cowpox from the cows, and therefore smallpox would not hurt her. He was much struck with this remark; and on making inquiries, he found it was a common belief about there, that whoever caught this disease from the cow was not liable to take smallpox.

With that talent for close observation and investigation which distinguished him, he pondered much over this remark of the milkmaid's, and by careful experiments elaborated the great life-saving truth, that cowpox might be disseminated from one human being to another to the almost total extinction of smallpox.

The eastern practice of inoculation was first made known in England by Lady Wortley Montagu, who was the wife of an ambassador at Constantinople, where she had seen it tried with good effect. Inoculation consisted in transferring the matter of the smallpox pustule from the body of one suffering from the disease to that of one not as yet afflicted by the disease. It is a fact that the form of smallpox thus communicated through the skin was less severe, and consequently less fatal, than when taken naturally, as was abundantly proved.

But, unfortunately, inoculated smallpox was, as infectious as the natural smallpox—this fact forming the great distinction between inoculation and vaccination. The inoculated person became a center of infection and communicated it to many others.

It was on the 14th of May, 1796—a day which is still commemorated in parts of Germany as a festival—that a boy was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. The disease was thus communicated to the boy, and now came the anxious, critical time for Jenner. The same boy on the 1st of July following was inoculated with the smallpox virus, but he did not take the disease. In 1798 Jenner published his first pamphlet on the subject, and later, in the first year of the present century, he wrote that it was "too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the smallpox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice."

Soon after this, a parliamentary committee investigated and reported on the discovery in terms of the most emphatic approbation; and a declaration was signed by seventy of the chief physicians and surgeons in London expressing their confidence in it.

Jenner's essay which explained his discovery had in the meantime been translated into several foreign languages, and had also found its way to America, where President Jefferson vaccinated, by the help of his sons-in-law, about two hundred of his friends and neighbors. From this time forward, vaccination may be said to have taken a firm hold of the civilized world.

How Many Toes Has a Cat?

[Paterson Press.]

This was one of the questions asked a certain class during examination week, and, as simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency the principal was applied to for solution, and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When the idea was announced, the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when to the relief of all it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet. After the question was solved, the cat was allowed to depart, much to his satisfaction.

A Woman Reporter.

One of the most striking figures in the world of New York journalism is that of Miss Mary Morgan, the reporter of the live stock markets of the Times, and better known as "Middy Morgan."

She is a tall, plain, raw boned woman just 50 years old, simple in dress, and having the appearance of a western farmer's wife. She has had a varied experience. She comes of a good family and was born in Ireland.

As soon as she could walk she took to riding on horseback, and gradually acquired a knowledge of horseflesh that proved useful to her when, as a member of Victor Emmanuel's staff, she was entrusted with the duty of buying the horses for his army. She is an excellent Italian, French and German scholar, and in many ways an accomplished woman. Her tastes take her among horses and cattle, and she seldom misses a race that is worth seeing in the vicinity of New York.

About fifteen years ago she came to this country with a letter of introduction to Horace Greeley. She wanted employment on the Tribune, and partly in jest she was sent to Saratoga where the races had just begun. Her account of the proceedings was accepted instead of that from their regular reporter. She afterwards became connected with the Times, and for ten years past has furnished the reports of the cattle markets for its columns.

At 5 o'clock in the morning she can be seen in her odd costume stalking about among the drovers at the live stock yard in Jersey City or in in Sixteenth street looking at the cattle and sheep and hogs that have come from the West, and making up her report for the day. She is as good a judge of a steer as can be found; can tell you the weight of a horned creature at a glance, and is an expert in all matters relating to cows, calves, sheep and pigs, as well as horses.

The occupation may seem a queer one for a woman, but Miss Morgan is highly respected by all who know her, and she accumulated a handsome competency by her connection with the Times and Herald, to both of which journals she furnished reports of the live stockets.

Dangers of Bringing up Children.

[Samuel Smiles.]

The cruelty done to children by some parents, as well as by teachers, is indescribable. Children are held to be of the same temperament, of the same adaptability to learn as their parents and teachers; yet the boy who cannot learn his lessons as quickly as another is thrashed, or he is degraded in some way. Grown people forget the intense misery to which children are thus exposed. The child's horizon is so limited that he sees no remedy to his woes, and his sorrow absorbs his whole being.

"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." If the life of a child be embittered, the result is shyness and secret aversion Even a child feels itself wronged, and a sense of bitterness is implanted in its heart. We can never think without pity of a parent who lost a promising son by death, and was haunted through life by his parental severity. "My boy," he said to a friend, "used to think me cruel, and he had too much reason to do so; but he did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; and now it is too late!"

We often think when we hear of parents beating their children that they should rather be inflicting the punishment upon themselves. They have been the means of bringing into being the inheritors of their own moral nature. The child does not make his own temper; nor has any control while a child over its directions. If the parents have conferred an irritable temper on the child, it is a duty on their part to exercise self control, forbearance, and patience, so that the influence of daily life may, in the course of time, correct and modify the defects of its birth.

But the "child's will must be broken!" There is no greater fallacy than this. Will forms the foundation of character. Without strength of will there will be no strength of purpose. What is necessary is not to break the child's will, but to educate it in proper directions; and this is not to be done through the agency of force or fear. A thousand instances might be cited in proof of this statement.

When the parent or teacher relies chiefly upon pain for controlling the child's will, the child insensibly associates duty and obedience with fear and terror. And when you have thus associated command over the will of others with pain, you have done all that you could to lay the foundations of a bad character—a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad neighbor, and a bad citizen.

When Euffordius, of Cologne, heard a great cry issuing from a school house he opened the door, entered, and rushed up like a lion, and raising his staff against the teacher and his assailant, delivered the boy from their hands. "What are you doing, tyrant?" he said, "you are placed here to teach, not to kill scholars."

OUR DAUGHTERS.

"Bill Arp" Takes a Philosophical View of the Situation.

Well, there is a reason for everything and a cause for every effect, but I don't know why there are more girls than boys, and I wish somebody would tell me. Some folks say it is a sign of peace. The girls are the smartest I know, or they have had the most education. Before the war the boys were put forward, and the girls kept in the background, but now the boys have to work, and so the girls are sent to school and to college, and the boys have to help pay for it. That is the reason why the girls are the smartest, and my fear is that they are a little too smart and won't marry these young fellers who can't write a little poetry, and don't know whether Byron wrote Shakspeare or Shakspeare Byron. But I reckon they will, sooner or later. Mrs. Arp says that girls marry too soon, anyhow, and she don't want any of hers to marry under 20, unless the offer is a very splendid one in all respects. I reckon this is the reason she went off at sweet 16; but I think Gibbons is mistaken. The census shows about as many boy children in Georgia as girl children. We've got six boys and four girls, and that is about right.

There's more anxiety about the girls. They watch these young fellers for fear of trouble, for the old saying still holds good:

"A son is a son till he marries a wife,
A daughter is a daughter all the days of her life."

It is sad to see a girl come back to her father's house to live after she has been married a year or two. Poor thing, she never knew what a good home she had until she left it, and by-and-by she comes creeping back, pale and sad, and the man she trusted goes another way. That is the wreck of a life. No more happiness for her. No wonder that parents feel anxious about their daughters, and the daughters ought to think and ponder a long time before they marry. A father's house and a mother's love are hard to beat. But then a happy marriage is the highest state of happiness, and every girl ought to look forward to it.

There are lots of clever young men in the land—young men of good principles, and who have been raised by good parents. The girls ought to mate with 'em money or no money. Money is a good thing, but principle is better; and if a young feller has got both, and don't drink nor gamble, and is industrious and healthy, why he is all right, and if I was a girl I would put him on probation and say, I think you are a very good man, but you know I am an angel, and if——. Well, if he seemed to doubt my being an angel I would just tell him to go hence. If a young man don't look upon his girl as being an angel before he marries her, he never will afterward, and if I was a girl I would be an angel as long as I could.

Indian Education.

[Carson Appeal.]

Captain Joe, Chief of the Washoe tribe in this vicinity, is a very sensible Indian, who through some means has awakened to the realization of the advantages that are to be derived from an education, however humble.

He informed an Appeal reporter yesterday that he is earnestly advising his people to send their boys to the public schools, provided they can be admitted. For a year he has persistently tried to impress his tribe with the importance of this matter, without much success until very recently. But he has won a number of leading bucks over to his theory, and now he believes that before long an effort will be made to introduce a half a dozen of the brightest lads into the schools.

In the event that their experiment proves satisfactory to the Indians, it is their purpose to induce all of their boys to avail themselves of the benefits of a public school system. This is the first instance in the history of the Pacific Coast Indians, where the Chief of a tribe has manifested the least interest in the intellectual progress of his people.

Electricity Not a Form of Magnetism.

[Contemporary Review.]

Professor Hughes has recently advanced views about magnetism which, if accepted, will largely modify the position which science assigns to this property. He asserts that where there is no apparent magnetism, or the magnetism is neutral, there is not, as had been supposed, an indifferent turning of the molecules in all directions, with consequent balancing of influence, but, on the contrary there is a perfectly symmetrical arrangement, the molecules (or their polarities) arranging themselves so as to satisfy their mutual attraction by the shortest path, and thus form a complete closed circuit of attraction.

When magnetism becomes evident, the molecules (or their polarities) have all rotated symmetrically in a given direction, but the symmetry of arrangement is such that the circles of attraction are not completed except through an external armature joining both poles.

Again, he shows that we have permanent magnetism when the molecular rigidly returns the molecules, or their polarities, in a given direction, and transient magnetism whenever the molecules are comparatively free. Professor Hughes also shows that the inherent polarity or magnetism of each molecule is, like gravity, a constant quantity which can neither be generated nor augmented nor diminished nor destroyed. Neither can magnetism be changed to any other form of force or property of matter. It must be, therefore, dissociated from electricity, as certainly as gravitation must be dissociated from heat and light. Electricity may be generated by magnetism just as light and heat (as in the case of the sun) may be generated by gravitation; but electricity is not a form of magnetism, any more than heat or light is a form of gravity.